

We created this document with two ideas in mind: AI is undoubtedly now embedded in most parts of everyday life (“here to stay”) and, in light of that, undisclosed AI usage holds no space in fandom. We believe readers deserve to make informed choices about the type of art they would like to engage with. In an ideal fandom space, AI usage to assist or generate fanworks would be disclosed up front.

However, undeniable proof of AI (Claude-generated) content is attached to the HTML of some works and can be found hidden in a number of well-known fanfics on Archive of Our Own, inside and outside the *Heated Rivalry* community.

A few necessary disclaimers here:

- The end goal is, and will always be, transparency.
- We do not condone targeted harassment, bullying and ostracization. Some of the authors in this document are writers we admired and, in some cases, considered friends. Some loudly opposed AI and encouraged friends and readers to rally against it publicly, only to use it under everyone’s nose.
- **Nobody mentioned in this document should be villainized.** It is a human prerogative to make mistakes, be loud and wrong, and then do better.
- We are not asking for any works to be privated or taken down (AO3 does not, in fact, have an anti-AI policy). Instead, **we are asking that they be appropriately tagged** so that individuals can make informed choices on what they’re supporting via reading, kudos, bookmarks, fic recs, video edits, fan art, and so on.

The absence of this particular Claude-generated HTML code in a fanfiction does not necessarily mean that the work is human. These examples are purely cases in which, whether due to inattention or hastiness, the original Claude formatting was copied and pasted directly into AO3’s text editor without the filtering of writing platform tools (Google Docs, Pages, Word, etc.) or otherwise being removed by the user.

We are fans of *Heated Rivalry*, a TV show whose rapid popularity “surprised even TV executives”¹ and continues, arguably, to grow. This is the main reason why this document focuses on fanfics within that specific tag. This does not by any means suggest that the issue is limited to this specific fandom. A cursory search was enough to find similar Claude coding in other tags, including Stranger Things, The Pitt, and Pluribus.

If you’re wondering, *Why do you care?*

¹ John Koblin, *Popularity of ‘Heated Rivalry’ Has Surprised Even TV Executives*, The New York Times (12 January 2026), <https://archive.ph/HUBml>.

Fandom is supposed to be fun. It's supposed to create, connect, transform and subvert. There is a fundamental human nature to it from which it can't (and shouldn't, for that matter) be separated from and that is at the core of fanfic, too, as part of its ultimate goal.

Undisclosed AI use harms human authors and fandom as a whole. It preys on people's insecurities—not writing fast enough or with enough polish, for instance—and contributes to the widespread pressure to produce, a lot and quickly, rather than create earnestly and joyfully.

On a wider note:

According to the United Nations Environment Programme, whilst the technology *is* being used to help address environmental emergencies, it is also at the epicentre of serious concerns regarding data centres' electronic waste, indirect gas emissions and consumption of drinkable water, as well as their dependence on unsustainably-sourced minerals.²

Additionally, companies everywhere are cutting thousands of jobs in favor of "AI efficiencies" ("*Silicon Valley's AI jobs purge is a warning for the world*," The Telegraph, 29th June 2026). Companies are also pushing AI utilisation within their employees, scrutinized and assessed as part of performance reviews ("*Big companies are turning AI into a scoreboard—and everyone's being ranked*," Business Insider, 29th June 2026).

This is what we're looking at. However, back to the question at hand:

GenAI can do things well and quickly, and it is capable of producing writing that is superficially smooth and digestible. But fanfiction, like any other creative expression, should remain emotional, flawed, and irredeemably human. The proliferation of undisclosed AI in creative spaces limits opportunities for human expression, whether in writing or other mediums, to shine through.

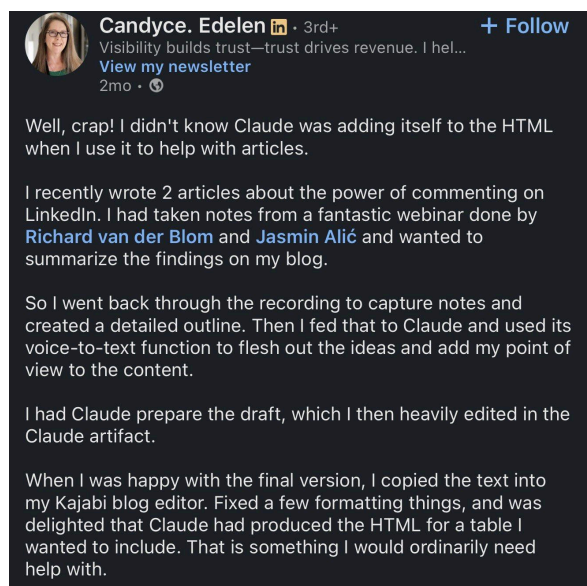
As it becomes increasingly difficult to opt out of AI in our day-to-day lives, we fans should have the opportunity to decide for ourselves whether they want AI in our fan spaces.

This is the crux of it: the choice to interact with AI in fandom should ultimately be ours. And we should be able to make that choice with as much information—*truthful* information—as possible.

² UN Environment Programme, *AI has an environmental problem. Here's what the world can do about that*, Environment Under Review (21 September 2024), www.unep.org/news-and-stories/story/ai-has-environmental-problem-heres-what-world-can-do-about.

Claude Output Code on Ao3

We created this document to compile our research on a potential indicator of generative artificial intelligence (hereinafter referred to as “AI”) usage found in the HTML source code of works published on AO3. The indicator is a fragment of code that appears in the rich text editor in AO3 when copied straight from Claude’s LLM’s output: “**font-claude-response-body**”. A Claude user explained her experience [in a post on LinkedIn](#), stating that after preparing a draft using Claude, she copied it into her blog editor and had to make sure to clean the “**font-claude-response-body**” tags from the text:



Candyce. Edelen • 3rd+
Visibility builds trust—trust drives revenue. I hel...
[View my newsletter](#)
2mo • 🌐

Well, crap! I didn't know Claude was adding itself to the HTML when I use it to help with articles.

I recently wrote 2 articles about the power of commenting on LinkedIn. I had taken notes from a fantastic webinar done by [Richard van der Blom](#) and [Jasmin Alić](#) and wanted to summarize the findings on my blog.

So I went back through the recording to capture notes and created a detailed outline. Then I fed that to Claude and used its voice-to-text function to flesh out the ideas and add my point of view to the content.

I had Claude prepare the draft, which I then heavily edited in the Claude artifact.

When I was happy with the final version, I copied the text into my Kajabi blog editor. Fixed a few formatting things, and was delighted that Claude had produced the HTML for a table I wanted to include. That is something I would ordinarily need help with.

I published the blog and went on with my day.

Today, I went to edit it and needed to access the HTML code to add my author bio (forgot to do that when I published).

After I added the bio info, I took a quick glance at the code and noticed all these tags mentioning Claude. What the heck???

I was able to give Claude the HTML and have it clean up the tags just now. It gave me plain, semantic HTML. I replaced the old HTML, eliminating all those < p class= "font-claude-response-body...> tags.

But are you watching out for this?

For all you SEO and GEO experts (or AEO or whatever you're calling it) – how do tags like this affect us? Does it negatively impact findability or "trust-ability"?

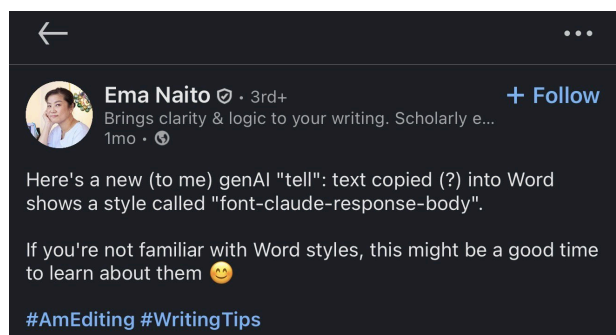
Am I getting worried needlessly?

Any other little things we should be watching for?

Source code

```
<p class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal leading-[1.7]">If your
LinkedIn reach has dropped lately, you're not smar
<p class="font-claude-response-body break-wo
impressions are down for almost everyone. Linker
run with an AI system called <a href="https://www
algorithm-reset-q4-2025-why-views-dropped-and-
rel="noopener noreferrer">360 Break</a>, and it c
your feed.&nbsp;Most LinkedIn accounts are seei
operates compared to how LinkedIn worked 4 mc
<p class="font-claude-response-body break-wo
[1.7]">Interestingly, while post reach has declined
least for those who are being strategic about it). A
impressions. People are seeing real&nbsp;busine
my clients who <a href="https://www.learning.pro
linkedin-comment" target="_blank" rel="noopen
a comment.</a>&nbsp;</p>
<h2 class="font-claude-response-body break-wo
the Research Shows</h2>
<p class="font-claude-response-body break-wo
van der Blom is one of the most rigorous resear
works and strategies to make your content visib
algorithm study that goes deep on what's actually working. Last year's study was 250
pages&nbsp;&nbsp;<a href="https://propelgrowth-richardvanderblom.thrivecart.com/content-
algorithm-playbook/" target="_blank" rel="noopener noreferrer">The 2026 edition drops April
29th</a>. (that's an affiliate link)</p>
```

When I pasted my finished article from a Claude artifact into my web editor, I didn't notice that it had added these tags to the HTML



Ema Naito • 3rd+
Brings clarity & logic to your writing. Scholarly e...
1mo • 🌐

Here's a new (to me) genAI "tell": text copied (?) into Word shows a style called "font-claude-response-body".

If you're not familiar with Word styles, this might be a good time to learn about them 😊

[#AmEditing](#) [#WritingTips](#)



font-claude-response-body

Normal

37 2 comments • 1 repost

← This is not an isolated incident; for example, [another user on LinkedIn](#) noted that the same fragment of code appears when copying Claude-generated text into Word.

Methods and Materials

To access the source code of a fic on Ao3:

1. View the page's source code
 - a. Desktop: within your browser window, Ctrl+U (Windows) or ⌘-Option-U (Mac)
 - Chrome: Right click→“Inspect” *or* right click→“View Source” (You can also go to the “three dots” menu at the top right of your browser window, click “More Tools,” then “Developer Tools”)
 - Firefox: Go to the “three lines” menu on the top right of your browser window, click “More Tools,” then “Page Source”
 - b. Mobile: when on the fic, edit the url and add “view-source:” before https://. Example: view-source:https://archiveofourown.org/works/123456789
2. Ctrl+F / Cmnd+F “claude”
 - Look for “**font-claude-response-body**”

The skin only works on a chapter-by-chapter basis; it is therefore best used with the “Entire Work” view.

To automatically determine whether the code fragment exists in a fic, we coded the following skin, which makes the AO3 screen a bright red color if **font-claude-response-body** is present.

```
#outer,
#main,
.userstuff,
.userstuff p,
.userstuff div {
    background: #ffffff !important;
    color: #000000 !important;
}
body:has(.userstuff p.font-claude-response-body) #outer,
body:has(.userstuff p.font-claude-response-body) #main,
body:has(.userstuff p.font-claude-response-body) .userstuff,
body:has(.userstuff p.font-claude-response-body) .userstuff p,
body:has(.userstuff p.font-claude-response-body) .userstuff div {
    background: #ff0000 !important;
    color: #ffffff !important;
}
```

We then tested the siteskin on works where we had already located the **font-claude-response-body** artifact by manually checking the HTML source code. We invite you to test the siteskin for yourself, which you can do by [creating a new siteskin on AO3](#) and pasting this into the body of the text. This siteskin and the searching function described above do not rely on generative AI. These are simple searches of the HTML source code of publicly available AO3 works.

After filtering the “Game Changers | Heated Rivalry - All Media Types” tag, as well as other popular fandom tags (such as “Off Campus,” “The Pitt,” “Stranger Things (TV 2016)” and “Pluribus (2025)”) by either Word Count or by Most Recent, we viewed the source code for every fic on each tag’s first page. We then focused on the *Heated Rivalry* tag, expanding the search to almost every work over 1000 kudos and rumoured AI-assisted fics. Our research led us to the following conclusion:

When text is copied *directly* from Claude into AO3’s editor, these formatting artifacts persist, and when viewing the source code of the fic on AO3, any reader can see the artifacts. Below are examples from other fandoms that demonstrate the *Heated Rivalry* AO3 tag is not the only fandom tag where the fragment of code exists:

- https://archiveofourown.org/works/78596761?view_full_work=true (Pluribus, “The Second Take” by oceansidedrive, 236 Claude artifacts as of 6/28/26)
- <https://archiveofourown.org/works/84947271/chapters/224243531> (Off-Campus, “Dirty Little Secret” by SignoraScuderia, 12 Claude artifacts as of 6/29/26)
- https://archiveofourown.org/works/79261491?view_full_work=true (Stranger Things, “Super Soaker” by wheezingwheeler, 532 Claude artifacts as of 6/28/26)
- https://archiveofourown.org/works/81457401?view_full_work=true (The Pitt, “The Wound (is the place where the light enters you)” by lieutenanttrouble, 9 Claude artifacts as of 6/29/26)

In our appendix are works on AO3 we have discovered that contain the Claude fragment, sorted alphabetically by username. For some authors, the fragment appears throughout multiple works. The screenshots are our findings as of June 29, 2026.

The existence of the foregoing code fragments is proof of AI / Claude usage for specific sentences and paragraphs; these fragments do not prove that a writer used AI to create the entire work. The absence of this code, whether in the remainder of the fic in question and/or in other works, **is not indicative** of a lack of AI usage.

The presence of this code is a positive indicator, not a negative. It is plausible (and perhaps more likely) that many AI users copy and paste their Claude outputs into a text editor (Word, Google Docs, Notes, etc.) before pasting into AO3 or remove these artifacts through other means. It is also possible that other LLM outputs contain other indicators of AI usage not discussed here.

In addition, numerous users have admitted to usage of AI or left AI chat outputs in posted works, revealing that they used AI tools in the creation of the works, but this code artifact was not present. Accordingly, please consider all examples here as only a specifically identifiable subset of *Heated Rivalry* fics created with the assistance of generative AI.

In this section, we have compiled our findings regarding the presence of a fragment of HTML code found in the source code for Ao3 fics indicating the use of Claude. Across various fandom tag pages (the first page of each fandom tag sorted by Word Count), we found the code fragment time and time again. We only focused on the *Heated Rivalry* fandom tag because of our mutual interest in the *Heated Rivalry* fanfiction community.

Though we concede that we haven't undertaken statistical analysis, our findings indicate that Claude use in fanfiction uploaded to Ao3 is becoming commonplace. Further research is encouraged to uncover the particular code fragments left in by Gemini, ChatGPT, Grok, and other LLMs, to the extent they exist and persist when copied into AO3's editor. We also welcome peer review by third parties for accuracy and other discoveries.

Our intention is not to create an environment of mistrust or accuse particular users; after discovering the code fragment and its possible presence in AO3 fics, we proceeded with the above study to investigate the phenomenon as objectively as we could. Thank you for reading.

If you are someone who has used Claude or another LLM to write your fanfiction, we respectfully ask that you tag your work as "AI assisted" or "AI generated."

So what comes next?

We have compiled the facts as best we could and as comprehensively as we could within the time we had. All of this was in the interest of preserving the humanity and authenticity of fan spaces.

Do not ostracize, harass, or bully any of the people named in this document. WE DO NOT ENDORSE THIS.

Similarly, we are **NOT** asking for the removal of any of these works from the Archive. Considering the human and environmental ethical issues around Generative AI, we are asking for the proper tagging so that all us fans can make informed decisions with as much transparency as possible.

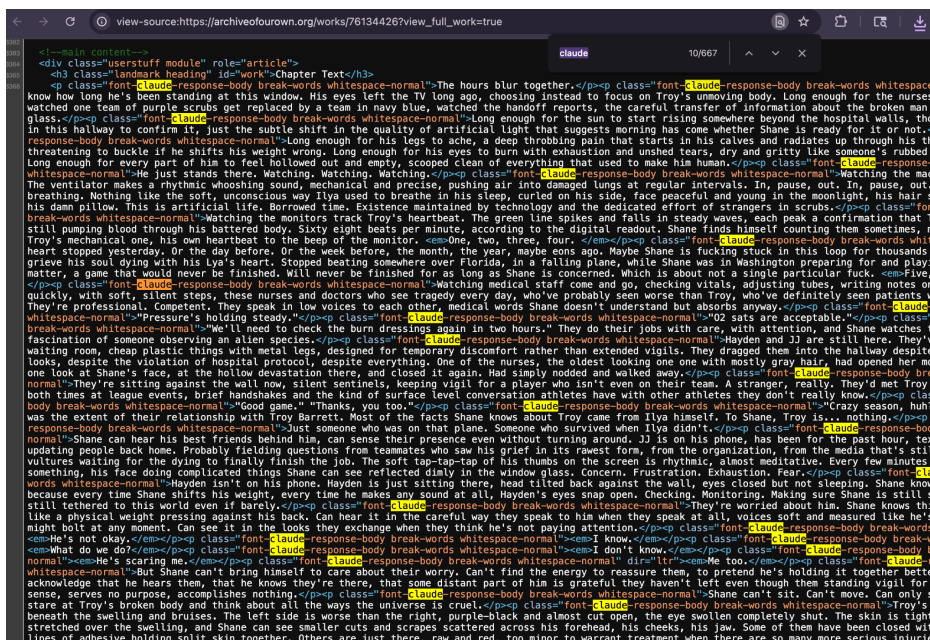
Fandom is a uniquely connective, collaborative space. It thrives on the human element and the creative spark which drives it and feeds off it. If we unknowingly allow AI to corrupt these spaces, what will be left of them?

For reference: HTML/epub/PDFs of all fics listed in this document are saved here, updated as of 29 June 2026:

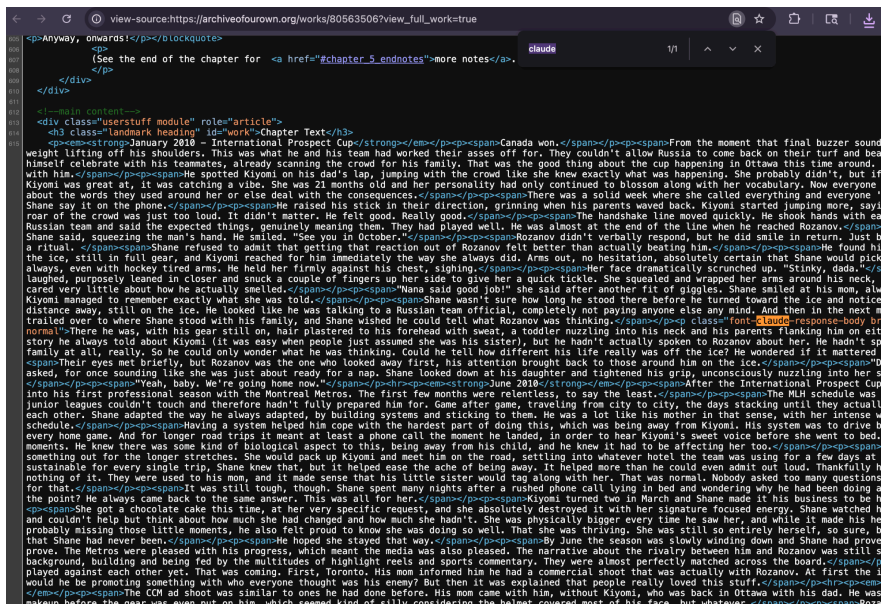
https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/136ADl_CC_n8BVHj693fnjDphDUP6gmge?usp=drive_link

Amaretta, “[Half a forever \(I buried my heart with you\)](#)”

1,256 kudos, 58,118 hits, 234,201 words (667 instances)

atemonai, “Offside”

3,105 kudos, 114,244 hits, 110,917 words (1 instance)



dandelionclub, “[so much of living is being unknown](#)”

5,676 kudos, 97,421 hits, 53,332 words (4 instances)

[illegible]

DropTheLaur, “[The weight we carry](#)”

1,061 kudos, 17,179 hits, 12,939 words (121 instances)

view-source:https://archive.fofourn.org/works/80999506/view_full_work_true

claude 1/21

```
<div class="chapter preface group">
  <h3 class="title">
    <a href="/works/80999506/chapters/7215886751">Chapter 5 </a>: Chapter 5
  </h3>

  <!-- only display byline if different from the main byline -->

  <div id="summary" class="summary module">
    <h3 class="heading">Summary:</h3>
    <blockquote class="summary">
      <p>Shane's first day as a bear</p>
    </blockquote>
  </div>

</div>

<!-- main content -->
<div class="userstuff module" role="article">
  <h3 class="landmark heading">id="work">Chapter Text</h3>
  <p></p>
  <p>The TD Garden smelled like cold rubber and old glory.</p>
  <p>Shane stood in the players' entrance at 7:43 AM, his overnight bag over one shoulder and his stick bag over the other, wearing a Mo-
  hadn't thought to take off. He stared at the black-and-gold bunting over the tunnel, the retired numbers hanging from the rafters, the <em>Boston Bears</em> <em>ice</em>
  <p>He landed on the beanie. "Nice hat."</p>
  <p>Shane reached
  <p>You look like a man about to walk into his own execution," said a voice behind him.</p>
  <p>Shane turned. Cliff Marlow was leaning against the wall in full workout gear, a protein shake in one hand and an expression on his face that was aggressively, poi-
  <p>Marlow." Shane said.</p>
  <p>Shane and Marlow landed on the floor. "Nice hat."</p>
  <p>Shane shoved it into his bag.</p>
  <p>Equipment room's down the left hall," Marlow said, pushing of
  your stall set up. Number 24, like Rozanov apparently demanded at volume." He started walking. "You coming, or are you going to stare at the logo until it s
  <p>Shane followed him.</p>
  <p>The room was bigger than Montreal's, louder somehow even in the quiet, like the walls
  noise and were still vibrating with it. Shane found stall 24 without difficulty. His nameplate was already up. Someone had taped a handwritten note to the
  <p>Welcome to the winning side. Don't screw it up. - The Room.</p>
  <p>Hammersmith wrote it," Marlow said from his own stall, three down. "He cried a little
  <p>It does, actually.</p>
  <p>Coach Leclair called Shane into his office at nine.
  <p>The room was small and cluttered with whiteboards and video equipment, the kind of office that had been slept in
  <p>Shane entered, not sitting behind his desk the way Theriault always had, but standing beside it. Like this was a conversation between two
  dressing-down. He was a compact man in his late fifties with close-cropped grey hair and the particular stillness of someone who had learned to control a ro
  <p>Sit down, Shane," he said.</p>
  <p>Leclair didn't say. "I'm going to tell you what I know," Leclair said. "And then I
  think. And then I'm going to tell you what I expect. And the first two parts aren't going to be comfortable, so I want you to just let me finish. Okay?"</p>
  <p>Okay," Shane said.</p>
  <p>I know you've been suspended. I know you killed penalties and blocked shots and gave ha
  <p>I also know, because this league talks and it's a very small world, that you were suspended for something that had nothing to do with your performance
  was looking at Shane directly, without flinching. "I know what kind of suspension it was, Shane. I know why."</p>
  <p>I'm not going to make you talk about it," Leclair said
  <p>I went to the side of the desk and leaned against it, arms crossed, voice dropping into something quieter and considerably more serious.</p>
  <p>What was done to you in that building," Leclair said, "was wrong. Not strategically wrong. Not PR wrong. Not
  captain, <em>your</em> captain, for having the courage to be honest with his own teammates? Pulling him from a team photo? Stripping him of a title he org
  <p>I've been coaching in this league for twenty-two years. I've seen some things. I'm not proud of. But what Theriault did to you, what that org
```

flashytonystark, "[boston lily & associates](#)"

7,517 kudos, 249,979 hits, 93,504 words (81 instances)

[illegible]

frozenmorningdew, “[hanging by a moment](#)”

10,284 kudos, 467,825 hits, 187,083 words (122 instances)

[illegible]

honeythief_bug, “[Cross Check](#)”
3,675 kudos, 159,823 hits, 76,479 words (10 instances)

[illegible]

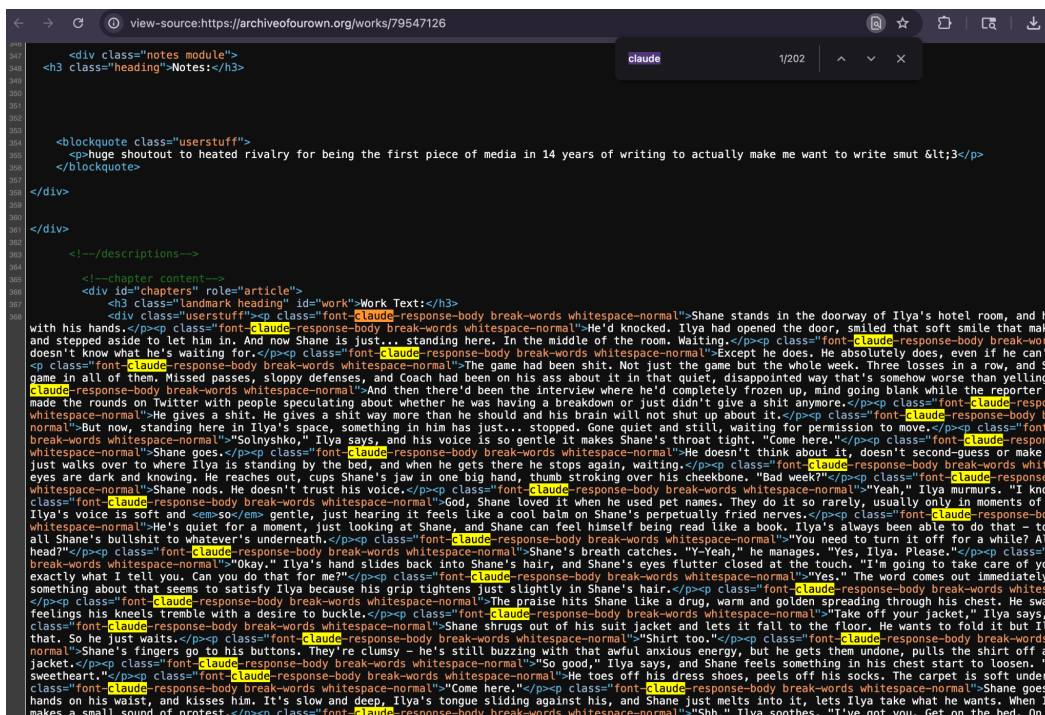
just_chemicals, “[Three Things I Don’t Play About](#)”
6,056 kudos, 40,743 hits, 11,303 words (11 instances)

[illegible]

just_chemicals, “[The Long Walk Home](#)”
2,395 kudos, 20,355 hits, 6,450 words (283 instances)



just_chemicals, “[Trust Fall](#)”
1,119 kudos, 15,847 hits, 4,663 words (202 instances)



Kiyominox, “[The Weight of Red and White](#)”
837 kudos, 31,001 hits, 78.888 words (24 instances)

[illegible]

Little_Flower43, “[Atypical Russian Alpha](#)”
2,975 kudos, 79,665 hits, 74,256 words (1,300+ instances)

metal table. A man he did not know, probably from the state, seated beside Vance with an o with a tablet propped on her lap and a leather folder of stapled documents at her elbow. S. Claude 5/1,364

the center, standing behind them with his hands clasped at the small of his back. A small

Shane looked up at the floor and saw the marks on the floor. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">The senior handler was at the inner door, waiting. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">"On your knees, Hollander," he barked. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">Shane immediately went down at the comman

the dense gray foam used in physical therapy rooms. He had heard from another omega that it had been put there because three years ago a frail om

badly the concrete floor and he had climbed about the marks on the floor. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">Eyes down. Hands open. You know how this goes.

back in tandem to either side of him. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">He turned his palms up against his thighs. He fixed his eyes on a single point on the floor; a small dark dot in

response-body break-words whitespace-normal">He turned his palms up against his thighs. He fixed his eyes on a single point on the floor; a small dark dot in

scuff from a chair leg, and he tried to make his ribcage stop moving. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">He thought: I

response-body break-words whitespace-normal">He thought: I

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">It will not last a month with this. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">He thought, somewhere lower in his chest: I

more season before dying. Just one more. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">The door at the far end clicked. S. Claude

response-body break-words whitespace-normal">The first thing that hit him was the powerful scent. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">supplements had passed a class cedar, gun oil, sandalwood, and underneth that, a pure heat, just like the steam rising from the metal door. S. Claude

Shane felt it at the base of his spine, in the cradle of his hips, in the soft hollow at the back of his throat. It was not really arousal. He was too suppres

for any of that. It was just his body recognizing, instantly, the alpha who was about to decide what the rest of his life looked like. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">He kept his eyes on the floor. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">Mr. Rozanov said the woman w

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">He kept his eyes on the floor. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">You may approach him as soon as you're ready. The subject has been suppressed since eight but he's fully

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">any physical inspection be conducted with one of our staff members present. If you'd like to remove his shirt for... S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">No. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">Just a single word, spoken in a bored, Russian-accented English. Final. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">I said no. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">Mr. Rozanov, the bloodwork should be confirmed against... S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">Another long pause from the woman. Vance shifted uncomfortably at the table. The state man, w

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">can you please all leave this room? S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">Mr. Rozanov. It was the state man this

practiced patience of a person trying to regain control of a meeting he had not realized was being taken from him. The regulations require the presence of st

interaction between contracting alpha and subject prior to the signing of... S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">I have

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">The middle man walked through a door that did not open. He had read the regulations carefully and none of them said that he required state oversigh

conversation between an alpha and his to-be-omega. They only require state oversight of the signing. You will reconvene in this room in... a small pause...

camera you may leave on so you can watch it later, if it pleases you. Now out. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">There wa

heard chair legs scraping. The state man closed his folder with a sigh. The woman with the clipboard tucked her tablet under her arm, with the contained gestic

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">The handlers walked past Shane and he heard the inn

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">Shane began to tense up. He did not move. He did not raise his head. He counted backwards from

and then in French, the way the team trainers had taught him to do during cardio tests in juniors when his heart rate climbed too high, and he tried to think

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">Then, in English: S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">The alpha

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">Shane's body twitched but he still did not look up. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">He

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">The state man asked him whether something was okay. He nodded, jerkily, once. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">There w

folding and a knee meeting form. The alpha lowered himself onto the spare kneeling pad on the other side of the table, mirroring Shane. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">His scent moved closer. Shane's whole body wanted to do something with it but he didn't know what. He wanted to lean toward it, then

not decide so he held very. S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">You can look... S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">They told me not to. His voice came out small and rasping because he had not used it in three days. He sound

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">There was a soft, sorrowful exhale from the man across from him.

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">Who told you? S. Claude

class="font-claude-response-body break-words whitespace-normal">The guard. S. Claude

LK1221, “The Summer Before”

728 kudos, 28,997 hits, 107,868 words (18 instances)

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being more capable than usual without knowing why.</p><p>Vince, coming out one sequence, before the.</p><p>Cliff considered that. "Does that make it worse or better?"</p><p> claude 8/18 ^ v x Ilya watched the aft full, narrowing attention he reserved for players he needed to understand.</p><p>He had be what he was in first he thought he knew from video. He had thought by now the outline was clear.</p><p>It was not clear.</p><p>The situation was part. What Hollander did without the puck mattered. What happened to everyone else when Hollander was on the ice too. The way the right play seemed to arrive way other boys made better decisions without appearing to know why.</p><p>Ilya knew what a high-IQ player felt like from inside a shift. He had played against Hollander was reading past the next play.</p><p>He was already inside it.</p><p>Then came the complete drift.</p><p>One on one, full ice, winner stays. Ilya, Finnist defenseman, won it in six seconds, and came off the rush to find himself next in line across from Hollander.</p><p>He got low at the dot.</p><p>He hit the line. He had studied the acceleration, positioned himself against it, made himself ready.</p><p>The whistle went.</p><p>By the third stride Ilya was already away the outside, giving the inside because the inside was the harder angle.</p><p>Shane took the inside.</p><p>Not because it was open. Because he had already open before Ilya made the trade.</p><p>That was the part Ilya had no answer for. He had not reacted to what Ilya did. He had been there before Ilya did it, t where it had been going since before the whistle, and Ilya's body was in the wrong place because Shane had put him there two seconds earlier without his know in the net.</p><p>Ilya stopped at the hash marks. Shane came off the rush and looked at him across the ice.</p><p>No gloating. No performance. Nothing response. Just that direct, level look he had, the one that had been there since the airport, that said: I see you. I have been seeing you. I needed you to s held the look. Then he skated toward him.</p><p>Not far. Only enough. He stopped close, closer than a nod required, and leaned in until the front of his helm beat.</p><p>Then he pulled back just enough to look at him once more, and skated away.</p><p>A coach's whistle went from the far end and the drill moved on. Ilya had watched the whole rest without moving.</p><p>He let one more go by. Then he said in Russian, not looking at Ivan, "He doesn't chase the puck for a moment. "Nobody good does."</p><p>"No." Igor watched Shane come back to the line, expression level, face giving nothing away. "He doesn't chase it bec because it's going."</p><p>Ivan looked at him.</p><p>"That's different," Ivan said.</p><p>Igor picked up his water bottle. "Yes," he said. "It is."</p><p>After sequence and the posted recovery reminder nobody obeyed, the corridor between the rink and the dorm block filled with boys in partial gear, all of them loud following a hard to hear voice that said, "I'll be back in five minutes, he said, and he was gone. Ilya had seen the boys go, but he had not seen the voice go.</p><p>The hallway, and the direction they were both already going.</p><p>They walked a few steps without speaking. Around them camp moved at its ordinary pace.</p><p>Then Ilya said, without looking at him, "You are faster than I thought."</p><p>Shane kept walking. "You knew I was fast."</p><p>"I knew your numbers," Ilya said. "Shane considered that. Outside one of the treatment room doors a physio was talking to a defenseman about his hip. Someone farther back was doing rotation. The building was full of boys going on and off well. Shane said, "After the first step, they know people don't do it. "Most," he said. "Shane said.</p><p>That sat between them the way things sat between them now, with more in it than the words held. Neither of them reach here.</p><p>They reached the split in the corridor. Ilya would go right. Shane would go left.</p><p>Ilya slowed. Then, still not quite looking at him, said, today.</p><p>"Vince makes himself better."</p><p>"Yes," Ilya said. "And you made it easier for him."</p><p> claude response-body break-words white-space-normal "I looked at him then. Ilya was already lying back, and there was something in his face that was not challenge or amusement or the careful watch of the ice for the look of someone who was slightly enough to see something real and had decided, without ceremony, to say so.</p><p> claude response-body break-words white-space-normal "You do the same," Shane said. "With Ivan. With Igor."</p><p> claude response-body break-words white-space-normal "Ilya was quite shifted at the corner of his mouth, not quite a smile. "Maybe we are not so different."</p><p> claude response-body break-words white-space-normal "So different."</p><p> claude response-body break-words white-space-normal "They stood there one beat too long for a conversation that had officially been over. Most of the time, Ilya's hand came up briefly, two fingers against Shane's arm. Lightest possible acknowledgment of the day and everything it had held, delivered and gone before it could mean too much in a corridor full of people.</p><p> claude response-body break-words white-space-normal "Then he turned and went right."</p><p> claude response-body break-words white-space-normal "Shane stood class"</p><p> claude response-body break-words white-space-normal "Then he went left.</p><p> claude response-body break-words white-space-normal "He c claude response-body break-words white-space-normal "He didn't have to.</p></div>
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Lost childe (tamy blue), tamy blue, “Five Hours”

606 kudos, 22,255 hits, 40,562 words (1,364 instances)

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[illegible]

10,161 kudos, 632,373 hits, 263,627 words (6 instances)

[illegible]

11,368 kudos, 251,835 hits, 101,272 words (2 instances)

this ugly, numbing truth that he'd never spoken out loud to another dancer. Especially he already looked the part. <p>Shane continued, and his throat wanted to study on earth and no one asks you to justify your body. They don't need to decide wh </p>
 to love something that doesn't love you back because your face is wrong, because your name is wrong, because you're too ugly to be loved </p>
 to go to prison, to go to prison. Shane continued, and his throat wanted to study on earth and no one asks you to justify your body. They don't need to decide wh </p>
 and spill everything on the snow. Rozanov was quiet for a long moment, long enough that Shane started cataloging exit routes, calculating how fast he c
 this got worse. Then, Shane's head snapped up. "Don't fucking patronize me Rozanov, you--"
 Rozanov interrupted, shaking his head. "I am saying that the way they treat
 another sp< But that's how it was. They'd put me in a stupid hat or have me run around in chopsticks. Or they'd cast me as the Arabian dancer, or-it didn't
 cast me at all rather than making any effort to understand me. Rozanov looked angry now, his mouth pressing into a hard line. "This is stupid
 decoration. That is not art, that is furniture. You are talented. What does your-- race. race is now? What does it have to do with
 apparently." Shane's laugh came out bitter. "And it wasn't just the casting. It was the way people talked to me. The way they assumed I'd be good at turns be
 centers of gravity, like that's a real thing. The way my ballet director told me I'd never be a principal because I didn't have the "look" they wanted.
 piano introduction. Chalkovsky, Sleeping Beauty. Act I--could still count the two bars of pickup before his entrance. One-two-three-four, five-six-se
 the steps. His body knew the timing. But when he'd stepped into the light, the music had kept going and his lungs had sealed shut like a vacuum-locked door. N
 just the piano cascading through arpeggios while Shane stood frozen in fifth position, every eye in the room watching him drown on dry land. They'd stopped the
 start again. He'd made it through the combination on muscle memory alone, but they'd already seen it, the moment his body betrayed him, the moment he proved to
 pressure. At that point it was already over. I was just watching them waiting for me to fuck it up confirm what they already thought--that I didn't belong
 was quiet for a long moment. The fire popped, sending another shower of sparks into the air. They wanted a picture, not a dancer. I do not understand t
 said. "This... racism. I cannot say I understand because I do not. I have never--" He gestured at himself. "I look like every other Russian dancer. Marginally
 but no one questions if I belong or what roles are for me. No. This was not about talent. This is about their stupid, lazy eyes. They wanted you to fit picture
 Shane said, and, Rozanov stared at him. Rozanov looked angry now, genuinely angry, his mouth pressed into a hard line--"I benefit from this," Rozanov said quietly. "This syste
 in, they see what they want to see, they see Ilya Rozanov, Mariinsky prima come to life, and doors open. I know this. I cannot fix it, I cannot understand it
 can see it is wrong. And I can see they were fools to lose you. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 on it. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 nothing. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 it was smoke from the fire, the cold air, anything but the shape of Rozanov's kindness that was making his eyes water. I am glad you tell me, "Rozanov
 were idiots. I think you are stubborn enough to be principal anywhere, if world was fair, you would be. But world is not. I know this. And you... you attack this
 mind, impressive body. I was fool for not seeing the love you put in your work. He shifted on the bench, angling toward Shane. "This is my hide? B
 feel like you do not need to hide. I feel... I feel... different way he be part of... managing instead of dancing. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to
 dance. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 "no one can tell you that you are Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 looking at Rozanov's face would crack him open entirely. Rozanov said after a moment. "For dancers who do not want perform
 to perform. Rose told me about it some days ago when I ask more about company. Why do you not do that?" Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to
 Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 Managing Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 said honestly. "Maybe. I don't know. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 "You saw me for like five minutes on Saturday. You don't know if I'm any good. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 watched you for longer than five minutes, Holander. I saw the way you move, the way you breathe through transitions. No wobble in ankles. And the penche at t
 floor. I saw you, and I saw the way you move, the way you breathe through transitions. No wobble in ankles. And the penche at t
 drops to compensate. Yours did not. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 "transitions instead of gasping. I can see your training. Real training, not YouTube videos and wishful thinking. And--" He stopped, seemed to reconsider, the
 "And you are very beautiful when you dance. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 bench. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 good enough. I threw up in trashcan again Thursday, the one in back alley. And because--" Rozanov looked down at his cider, swirling it in the cup. "Because you
 Holander. Even when you are frustrating. Even when you avoid me for entire day with help of bodyguard Rose and accomplice Pike. He paused, mouth curving int
 smile and a smirk. "And because I respect talent when I see it. You have it. I was blind not to see before. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 bench. Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes
 Rozanov's hands pressed, helpless, "I want to say something that makes

3,744 kudos, 70,846 hits, 52,842 words (443 instances)

[illegible]

red bull enthusiast, “the last puck drop”

589 kudos, 7,150 hits, 6,325 words (130 instances)

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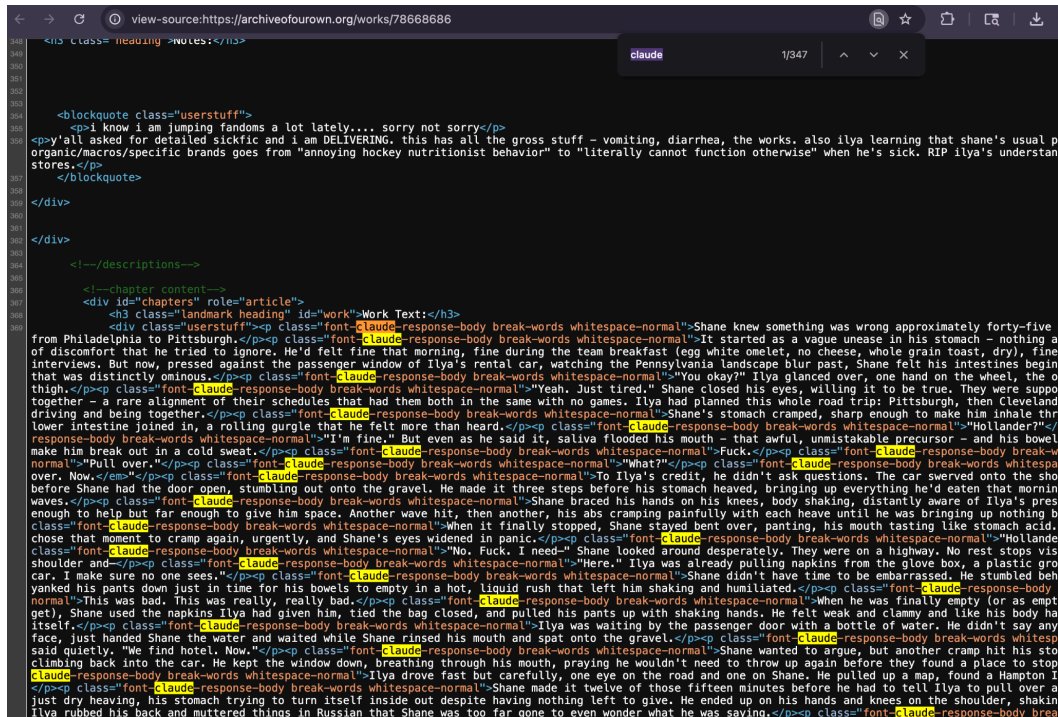
rose alvar 31, "[I'm jealous of the morning sun that gets to see you first.](#)"

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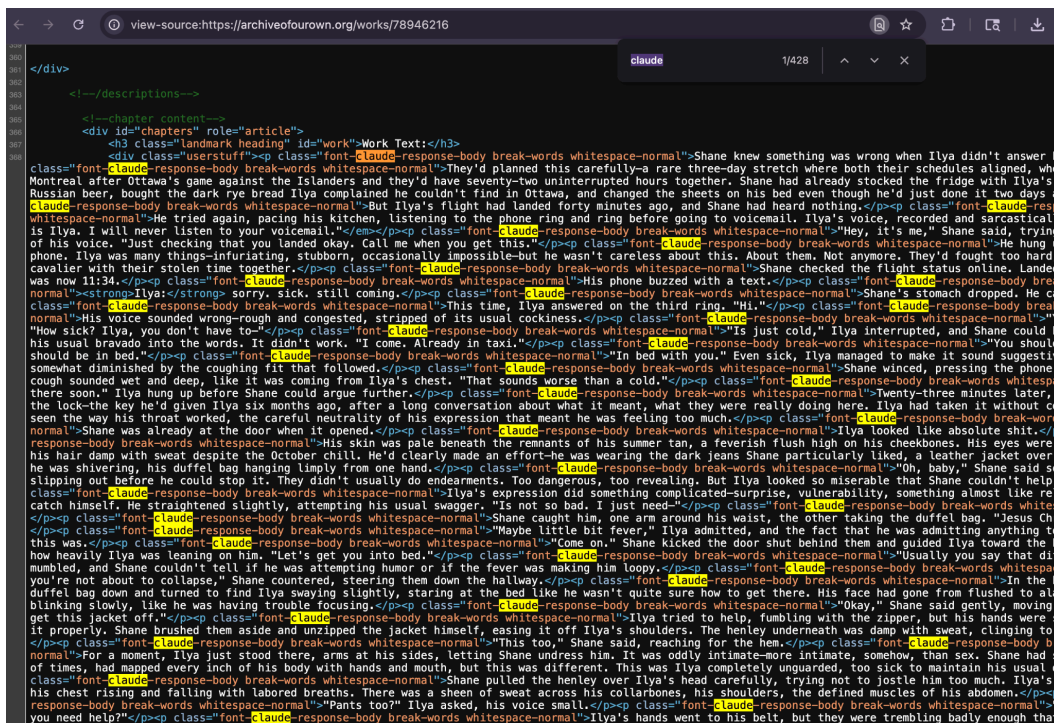


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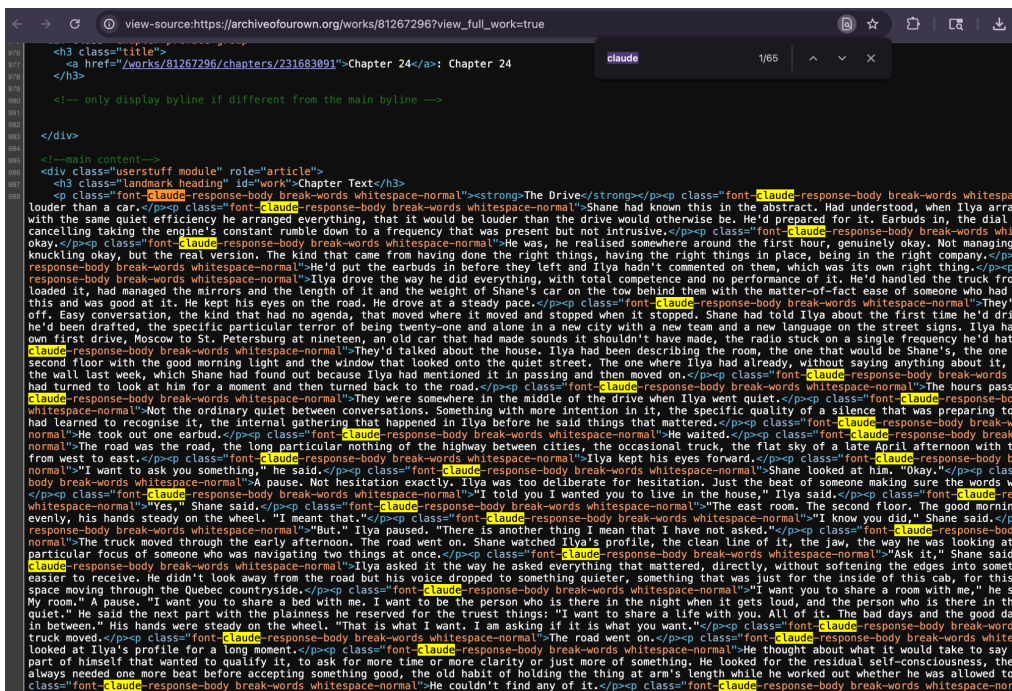
roxykris, “[when the walls come down](#)”

3,359 kudos, 45,685 hits, 7,991 words (428 instances)



sammie4282003, “[Paying Attention](#)”

2,141 kudos, 46,330 hits, 67,077 words (65 instances)



Scorp112, “[What Might Have Been](#)”

2,496 kudos, 52,171 hits, 35,465 words (110 instances)

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ridiculous no-look pass that had the whole bench cheering. Luca had finally started shooti
 might have been a smile. Ilya went through the drills on autopilot, his hands doing w
 “Good practice, Roz,” Zane said as they filed off the ice. “You were flying out there today.” “Thanks.” Ilya managed a nod, maybe even a smile. He wa
 practice, drills, the mechanics of being a professional athlete. His body could do that without his brain's cooperation. Everything else required more than he
 Compliments. Small talk. Anything that wasn't Shane's face in that elevator, asking what were you going to say? In the locker room, Ilya shower
 into his street clothes. The team had the next two days off – a rare break in the schedule before a home game on Sunday. Most of the guys were busy making pla
 catching up on sleep or spending time with partners, kids, friends. </p>
 <p>Ilya sat at his stall with his phone in his hand, Shane's contact already open, staring at that last message from 2017: Okay. Good night, Ilya. </p>
 <p>It would be so simple to text. How are you? </p>
 <p>It wasn't what he needed to know. He needed to know what Shane had meant by that look in the elevator. If the way his hand had held on too long in the handshake
 what were you going to say? had been the most important question Shane could ask. </p>
 <p>Shane was drowning too. </p>
 <p>Montreal had played in Boston last night. Next game wasn't until Saturday in New York. </p>
 <p>Which meant... what? That Shane was probably home? Players usually went home between road games when they
 actually know. Didn't know Shane's routines anymore. Didn't know if he stayed in Boston, had plans, had someone waiting for him. </p>
 <p>Ilya stared at the screen. He could be there by
 knock on Shane's door. Could finally say everything he'd choked on in that elevator. </p>
 <p>That Shane was better off without him. Three years of going through the motions,
 telling himself he'd made the right choice. That leaving had been necessary. That Shane was a long time and people changed and feelings faded. </p>
 <p>That he'd left the only pers
 feel whole. </p>
 <p>Shane had come out now. Was single. Things were different. </p>
 <p>Ilya pushed the speed limit the whole way, made it in under two hours with his grip tight on the steering wheel the entire time. </p>
 <p>He'd remember all the reasons this was a
 Shane might not want to see him, that showing up unannounced was borderline insane, that three years was a long time and people changed and feelings faded. </p>
 <p>But his feelings hadn't faded. That was the problem. </p>
 <p>He opened his messages, pulled up Shane's contact, and st
 to play at the Bell Centre, but he'd also been here for other things. Secret hotel rooms. Shane's apartment. Nights that ended with very little sleep. </p>
 <p>Ilya pulled up outside the building anyway – all modern glass
 neighborhood. The same building he'd visited dozens of times years ago. He sat in his car and stared up at the windows, trying to remember which floor, which
 </p>
 <p>He grabbed his phone. Nausea rolled through him. He opened his messages, pulled up Shane's contact, and st
 I need to know if there's any chance you feel the same way? </p>
 <p>God, this was stupid. I
 I fucking stupid. </p>
 <p>But he was here. Shane might be inside. And Ilya couldn't make himse
 </p>
 <p>He typed: Hollander. I'm outside. Can we talk? He stared at the message for a f
 hovering over the send button. This was it. Once he sent this, there was no taking it back. Once Shane knew Ilya was here – if Shane was even still here, if t
 address – everything would change. </p>
 <p>Ilya hit send before he lost his nerve. </p>
 <p>Then he sat in his car and watched and waited. Nothing. Finally three
 Disappeared. Appeared again. </p>
 <p>Ilya stared at it, Shane's name – well, “Jane's” name – flashing on the screen. He answered. </p>
 <p>“R
 was rough, shocked. “You're... you're outside? Here? At my apartment?” </p>
 <p>Relief crashed through him. Shane was here. Still lived here. “Yes.” </p>
 <p>“Why?”
 eyes. “I need to talk to you. Please. Can we talk?” </p>
 <p>There was a long pause. Ilya could hear Shane breathing on the other end of the line, could imagine
 apartment trying to process this. </p>
 <p>“Yeah, okay,” Shane said finally. “What, okay? Come up. Door code is 1919.” The line went dead. </p>
 <p>Ilya sat in his
 seconds, trying to get his heart rate under control. Then he got out, walked to the building's entrance, and punched in the code Shane had given him. </p>
 <p>I
 and stepped into the lobby – all polished concrete and minimalist furniture. The elevator was directly ahead. He pressed the button for the fourth floor and t
 how badly this could go. </p>
 <p>Ilya stepped out into a quiet hallway, following the numbers until he found 412. </p>
 <p>He raised his
 hesitated. </p>
 <p>This was insane. He was about to knock on Shane Hollander's door and confess feelings that Shane might not want to hear, might not reciprocate
 after three years of silence. </p>
 <p>But Ilya had driven two hours to get here. He'd sent the text. He'd made it. </p>
 <p>He knocked. </p>
 <p>Footsteps. </p>
 <p>A lock clicked. The door opened. </p>
 <p>Shane stood there in sweatpants and a faded t-shirt, his hair messy like he'd been running his hands through it,
 uncertain and so achingly familiar that Ilya's breath caught. </p>
 <p>“Hi,” Shane said. </p>
 <p>“Hi.” </p>
 <p>They stared at each other for a long moment. Then Shan
 the door open. </p>
 <p>“Come in.” </p>
 <p>Shane's apartment hadn't changed much at all over the years. Still open concept, same modern furniture, same floor-t
 overlooking the city. Clean in Shane's usual way, with nothing out of place and a hockey game paused on the TV. </p>
 <p>Ilya stood in the entryway, suddenly uns

sleepingintheculdesac, “[if you're scared of wolves](#)”

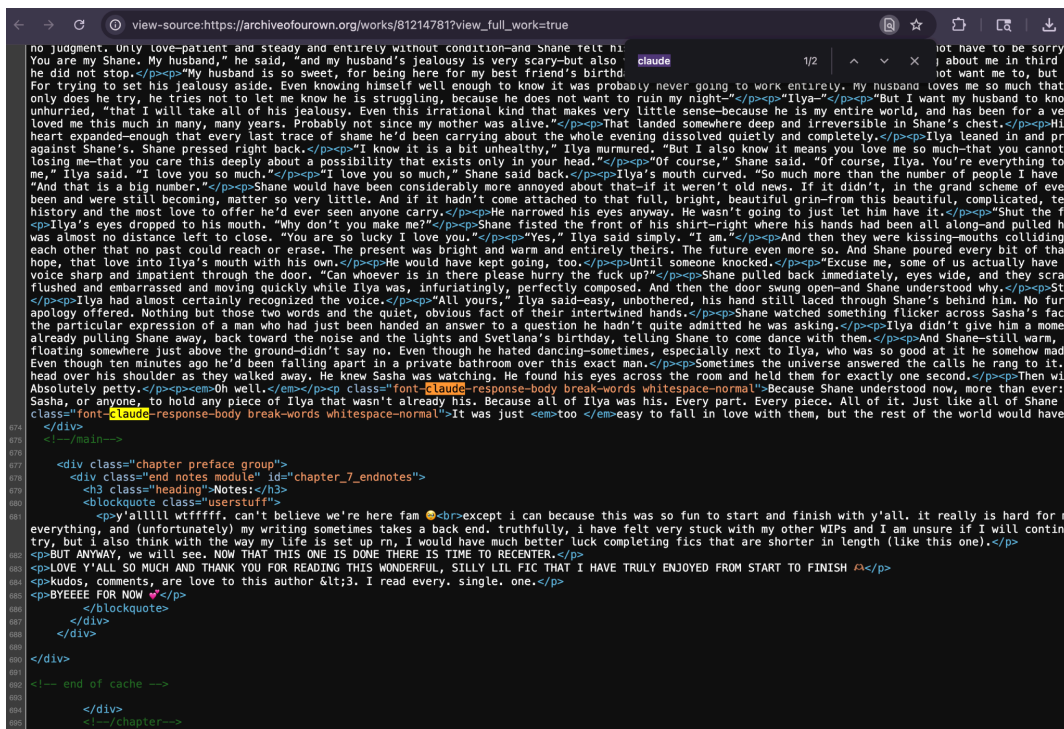
1,440 kudos, 28,994 hits, 92,100 words (2 instances)

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remember to ask Wyatt what comic books were worth reading on the subject. </p>
 <p>father's pharmacy bottles, as he hooks up with Hollander in his secret sex condo, as he dr
 </p>
 <p>he's done all this before. But there's a novelty to all of it that suggests that, for a pa
 son-of-a-bitch means the Bears will come in nearly two decades and fight and fucks and smokes and drinks and lives the life he's been griftin
 </p>
 <p>But some days, the nagging weight of what will come to pass presses into his mind – nothing useful, of course. No lotto numbers or stock market car
 the burger place on the corner of Hemenway and Westland </p>
 <p>Alexei's call frequency correlates uncannily with the amount he's about to
 videos of cats flying away from cucumbers seconds before it happens. He remembers Alexei's call frequency correlates uncannily with the amount he's about to
 under ten thousand, three calls for more, six calls for “Papa is dead.” </p>
 <p>He remembers that in 2016, he will walk in on Bears defenseman Jason
 who clearly didn't have the right to be there to interrupt whatever fucking Feller had been d
 subsequently punch him hard enough in the face in the back alley behind the club that the man had to miss the next three games because of an orbital bone frac
 </p>
 <p>So, he amends, some useful things, then. </p>
 <p>Ilya doesn't remember everything in perfect detail from past lives, but
 the cottage. Not that he was ever brave enough to ask for it; to take anything less than nine years of yearning after Hollander before it materializes. But Go
 the cottage. The giant stone-front and the exposed beams and the floor-to-ceiling windows and how the whole place is covered in light. He'd died each time bef
 cottage as being a little bit his, what with all the time he spent there. Now, he feels the hammering of his too-excited heart beat through his chest as Shane
 driveway for what was meant to be his first time there. </p>
 <p>“Make yourself at home,” Shane says, standing far enough behind Ilya as he walks in t
 be his shadow, and Ilya turns, and in four quick strides, kisses him. The moan he draws out from Shane is music to his ears, and he's quick to pick Shane up,
 bruised ribs, and carry him to the bedroom. Tossing him onto the bed and crawling over top of him, it occurs to Ilya that Shane's trust is so complete it had
 to question how Ilya knew where the bedroom was. The thought sits strangely in Ilya's chest – a splinter he can feel but can't find. </p>
 <p>He eats
 dwelling further, letting out a satisfied sound when Shane opens up enough for him to slip his tongue inside. He flips him onto his back and sucks his cock, d
 loose enough that he can start opening him up with two fingers. He lets the pleasure wash over him as Shane twists his hands in Ilya's hair, cries out, “Oh, g
 fuck if Ilya isn't possessed by the sound of Shane crying out his name. The sex is filthy, desperate, tender, </p>
 <p>He's loves that he's always been
 this – Ilya knows this, deep down, that for all of the ways he's failed him, he'd always had a special knack for quieting the noise in Shane's head. </p>
 <p>cla
 first night, Ilya props his head up on his hand, watching Shane in the afterglow of having come three times within the span of a few hours, takes a deep breat
 you. </p>
 <p>Shane's his jaw goes slack. Ilya knows this isn't how it usually goes. It takes a few days of the safety that the cottage provides for
 courage to say how they feel. But Ilya needs Shane to know now, how deeply gone he is for him. He smiles softly when after a long moment that would've panicked
 Shane says, “Fuck – I. I love you Ilya.” </p>
 <p>When Shane says it back, his voice cracks on Ilya's name, his face is full of the terror and wonder that come
 you' for the first time. Ilya realizes, with a pang, that he might never have that feeling again – the freefall of not knowing whether the other person will c
 risking something real, while Ilya... Ilya's replaying a scene he's already watched. </p>
 <p>In
 matter is that Shane knows he loves him. Ilya has this knowledge a reason. And Shane was brave enough to say it back. </p>
 <p>“It's good that one of
 them to be brave. Because – Ilya knows – there's nothing brave about what comes next. </p>
 <p>“He doesn't get awoken in the middle
 topic of Ottawa comes up – he hadn't brought up the possibility of a green card marriage to Svetlana this time, so there was no midnight panic forcing Shane t
 all of the teams in Canada in need of a centre and their salary cap space. </p>
 <p>It's over dinner, instead. Shane makes a favourite recipe of his,
 mother's, inherited from her mother – a curry of some type with okra and shiitake mushrooms. Shane eats it standing, leaning against the counter, while Ilya s
 stools, watching him carefully. </p>
 <p>“This is good,” Ilya says, scraping his spoon on the curve of the bowl. “Is Japanese, yes? Canadian food is, s
 salt. Not enough,” he waves his hand. “You know. Everything else.” </p>
 <p>“What, like, spice?” Shane says with a laugh. “I mean, there isn't really
 Steak, I guess, is an Albertan thing. Montreal has poutine,” he laughs at Ilya's face. “C'mon, you haven't had poutine?” </p>
 <p>“No, what is this noise you ar
 poutine?” </p>
 <p>Shane laughs, and Ilya grins, pleased with himself. </p>
 <p>“Ottawa – where I grew up. It's very multicultural. I used to
 or Caribbean food with my teammates after tournaments.” Shane tucks a fry. “They even have, like, Eastern European grocery stores, you know, like if you want
 or,” he trails off. </p>
 <p>“Are we going shopping, Hollander?” Ilya teases. “Very domestic. Will they have </p>
 <p>“Shane
 smiling, but with an expression on his face that is faintly familiar to Ilya – like he's steeling himself. “I was just thinking,” he says. “You're a free agen
 class=”>Ilya regards him carefully. Maybe Shane had made that spreadsheet after all. “Yes,” Ilya says. </p>
 <p>“Well,” he watches Shane take a slo
 “Ottawa means a centre. And they could definitely afford you.” </p>
 <p>It's a curious turn of events. Shane had never brought up his free agency unpri
 class=”>Apple-centered again. Ilya had never been so upfront with his feelings towards Shane. Bravery, it seems, was making both of them stupid
 think. I need to stay. In Boston,” he says, and watches Shane's face fall. </p>
 <p>“Oh,” Shane says softly, looking down. Ilya was never supposed to
 look. And yet. “Right, I shouldn't have even brought it up.” </p>
 <p>“I started permanent residency process there already,” Ilya continues, ignorin
 through his ribcage – not a lie, but not the whole truth. “Sooner I get passport, then, is better. For us.” </p>
 <p>Shane slowly looks back up. “For
 class=”>Ilya is a fucking coward. </p>
 <p>Just a few more years,” he says, nodding. “Ilya is terrible. They will still need a centre after I ha
 we go to your grocery store. Get sauerkraut.” </p>
 <p>He thinks the joke does it job to take away the sting, but he still sees it – three lifetimes o
 the many expressions of Shane Hollander had prepared him for all the ways the man hid his hurt. The counter between them feels like a canyon. </p>
 <p>“Another reason we could have to... to see each other more.” </p>
 <p>“I explain his idea for the charity, and his suggestion that they name it after his mother. Rather than saying anything, he puts the bowl down, crowds into Shan
 fiercely. Shane and his mother, scrambling to move his body in the direction of Ilya at the shoulders, brushing Ilya at the shoulders, pushing Ilya at the shoulders, clus
 have to get Canadian and US charitable registration numbers though,” Shane says, eyes gleaming. “Do you know anything about cross-border tax filings?” </p>
 <p>“Shane does.” </p>
 <p>“Shane does.” </p>
 <p>“Boston management is thrilled to keep him, of course
 season tickets, even though he usually only manages to go to one game a year, but is happy to off the rest to Svetlana, or to the Hollanders when they're in

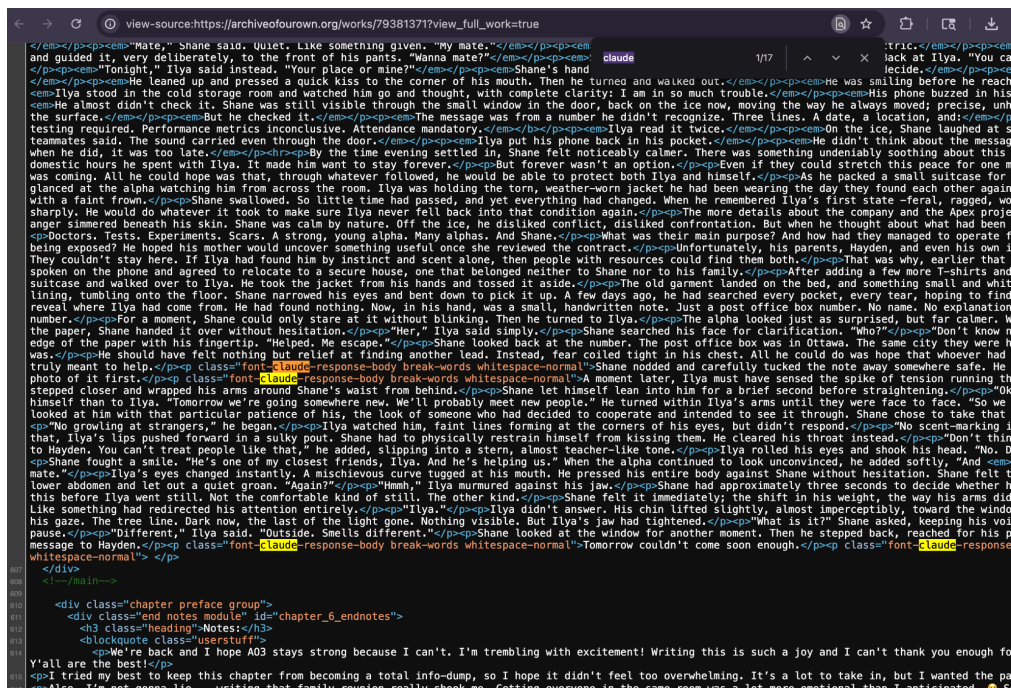
SPRINGING into action (sailing the Larry ship), “[It’s So Easy to Fall In Love with Shane Hollander](#)”

7,080 kudos, 149,826 hits, 48,992 words (2 instances)



stillnotimpressed, “[Scentbound](#)”

2,145 kudos, 55,521 hits, 83,779 words (17 instances)



459 kudos, 18,828 hits, 70,773 words (86 instances)

[illegible]

The librarian (Wadijlicious), “the recipe for staying”

53 kudos, 885 hits, 6,455 words (49 instances)

[illegible]

The librarian (Wadilicious), “To live in hearts we leave behind”

119 kudos, 1,147 hits, 3,065 words (3 instances)

[illegible]

